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CHARLES SUMNER,

THE

Idealist, Statesman and Scholar.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON

PUBLIC DAY, JUNE 29, 1874,

AT THE

Request of the Faculty of the University of South Carolina,

BY

RICHARD THEODORE GREENER,

PROFESSOR OF MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY.

COLUMBIA, S. C.:

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CORRESPONDENCE.

University of South Carolina,
Columbia, July 7, 1874.

Professor R. T. Greener:

Dear Sir—Having listened with pleasure to your able address on Senator Sumner, delivered before the Faculty and Students of the University, we would request a copy for publication, to be placed in the archives.

Very respectfully,

BENJ. B. BABBITT, *Chairman*,
A. W. CUMMINGS,
HENRY J. FOX,
FISK P. BREWER,
T. N. ROBERTS,
WILLIAM MAIN,
RUDOLPH VAMPILL,
E. W. EVERSON,
Librarian and Secretary of the Faculty.

—

University of South Carolina,
Columbia, July 11, 1874.

To Professors Benj. B. Babbitt, *Chairman*,
and Cummings, Fox, Brewer, Roberts, *&c.*,
Members of the Faculty:

Gentlemen—Your favor of the 7th instant is at hand. My address on Senator Sumner, to whom my race owes so much, was a work of gratitude and affection, designed more for the privacy of the University and our friends than for the general public.

Because you have received it so kindly, and since it would never have been written unless at your request, I the more readily yield to your desire for its publication.

I am, gentlemen,

Very truly yours,

RICHARD T. GREENER.

William E. Matthews, esq.
With the kindest remem-
brances of his friend the
Author.

Columbia, S.C.,

"At quem virum!"

Terentius-Phormio.

"In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see my country's honor fade;
Oh! let me see our land retain its soul!
Her pride in freedom, and not freedom's shade."

Keats.

"Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

Ps. xii, 1.

"Justice is the key-note of the world—all else is ever out of tune."

"There never was a great truth but it got reverenced; never a great institution, nor a great man that did not, sooner or later, receive the reverence of mankind."

Theodore Parker.

"No tombstone for me could bear a fairer inscription than this: 'Here lies one who, without the honors of emoluments or public station, did something for his fellow-men.'"

Senator Sumner's Speech on Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.

"He that, to correct an evil tree which brings forth bad fruit, shall begin at master bough, and so lop downwards, is in danger to fall himself before the tree falls. The safer and speedier way is to begin at the root; and there, with submission, would I lay the axe."

Pym.

"Non divitiis cum divite, neque factione cum factioso, sed cum strenuo virtute, cum modesto pudore, cum innocente, abstinentia certabat; esse quam videri bonus malebat; ita quo minus petebat gloriam, eo magis illum sequebatur."

Sallustius-Catilinæ Conjuratio.

"He had the basis, the indisputable basis, of all high character, unspotted integrity and honor unimpeached. If he had aspirations they were high, honorable and noble, nothing groveling, low or meanly selfish came near his head or heart. Firm in his purposes, patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was in the principles he espoused and in the measures he defended, I do not believe that, aside from his large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the Republic, he had a selfish motive or a selfish feeling."

Webster's Eulogy on Calhoun.

"He was one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him * * * * represent him as the incorrupt lawyer and the honestest statesman, as a master orator, a genius of its finest taste, and as a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views, as a man who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for a posterity."

Lord Orford's Estimate of Chancellor Somers.

"Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun.
Such was he. His work is done;
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Collossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands, thro' all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory."

Tennyson.

"A consecrated life bravely and solemnly ended. A great work left, in the Providence of God, unfinished—the completion of which not many of us, I fear, will now live to see. We meet to pay another tribute of respect to the memory of the greatest man, and the purest, that Massachusetts has lent to the National Councils during this generation or the last; the one who has done the Nation more service and earned the State more honor than any other. If we measure greatness by rare abilities, lofty purpose, grand achievement and a spotless life, then neither this generation nor the last has, in Massachusetts, any civil name worthy to stand by the side of Charles Sumner, the last Martyr—literally a *Martyr*—in the cause of free speech and personal liberty."

Wendell Phillips.

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have met, in accordance with a time-honored custom of the University, at the close of the collegiate year, to crown our week of academic festivities. The occasion itself has a peculiar signification, and the record of the school year, just finished, furnishes much material for reflection, and presents many causes for congratulations to the Legislature, the Board of Trustees and the friends of impartial and universal education throughout the State. We are favored, in the unsurpassed charms of our academic grove, by the balmy air of leafy June, by the propitious skies which encourage us, and in the truly catholic and unproscriptive character of this audience, which meets to do honor to the just principles of education at last asserted and demonstrated by the honored Board of Trustees of the University. Not least among the peculiarly important facts, the harbinger, I trust, of the better state that is to be, is your choice of me, to speak of a Senator of the United States, whose name, until within a few years, was uttered only with scorn throughout the State of South Carolina, and in terms of reproach even within these walls, consecrated to learning.

I am conscious of the difficulty of the task with which you have seen fit to honor me, while I am devoutly thankful for that triumphant march of ideas which enables me to speak in this University of the ablest statesman Massachusetts has had in the Federal Congress, Charles Sumner, a name pre-eminently worthy to rank with the purest of the long line of illustrious statesmen she has contributed to the service of our common country.

The death of no public officer has given rise to more heartfelt sorrow, or prompted more elaborate eulogies. The loss of Calhoun, the foremost statesman of South Carolina, was deeply and justly deplored. He had endeared himself to those of his own political faith by extraordinary powers of intellect, a rare persistency and a singleness of motive devoted to the championship of a pernicious and delusive doctrine. Massachusetts shed some natural tears for Webster, who might have led the hosts of freedom to victory, who could have established the real value of the Union, since he so correctly enunciated its

theory, had he possessed either the uncultured sternness of Jackson, the incorruptibility of his keener opponent, or had he loved principle more than the illusive bauble of the Presidency.

The wail of sorrow which followed

"The deep damnation of his taking off"

came not so much from a recognition of great gifts of mind or speech in Abraham Lincoln, but rather from that universal approbation which appreciates and cherishes the lives of those who, in times of danger, remain anchored to the rock of duty, and preserve fidelity to principle—the gallant few in every age and every clime who have maintained for us those imperilled ideas which make civilization alone worth upholding.

The death of Senator Sumner, though not unlooked for by those who knew the precarious state of his health, seems at once a private bereavement and a public calamity. He has departed from his place in the Senate, the last survivor of the statesmen of the past generation, a man trained up to the work of statecraft, suddenly snatched from us just at a time when his counsel, advice and remonstrance are most seriously needed. After the pulpit and the press have offered such glowing tributes to his services and character; after the old Cradle of Liberty, adorned with the portraits of Webster and Calhoun, of Adams, Otis and Hancock, of Benton and Quincy, of Choate and Everett, has listened to our own noble representative, giving a negro's tribute to the champion of his race; when Music Hall, which saw the mob crowding its galleries in 1861, thirsting for the blood of the dauntless Phillips, has heard that same matchless orator introducing the accomplished Senator from Missouri as the eulogizer of his friend; when the State of Massachusetts, wishing to crown the meed of her beloved son's deserts, has selected for her final tribute the sweet poet of the Friends to chant his requiem, the most accomplished *litterateur*, the graceful orator, the delightful essayist, the earnest humanitarian, to pronounce his praise, which he has done so tenderly and with such lofty discrimination, and such loving appreciation; when a life-long opponent* has, in Congress, risen superior to party and section, scattering the flowers of regret and forgiveness above his bier—what remains there to say either new or appropriate?

Not, surely, the record of his studious youth. It is a lesson and an incentive to every earnest student. Not the period of his congressional career, his sufferings, labors and ultimate triumph. They are a part of the invaluable legacy he has left to the ambitious student of Political Science and the noble-minded legislator every where. And yet there are reasons peculiar to our University, pertinent to the race for which

*Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Miss.

he dared so much, appropriate to me, from having enjoyed the honor of his personal friendship and advice, due, above all, to the vindication of his claim to a wider philanthrophy than was accustomed to be accorded to him, and a defense of his statemanship, which has not been sufficiently and heartily acknowledged, because somewhat obscured by the brilliancy of his efforts against a specific, overwhelming and unendurable wrong, which, I humbly trust, may not render the chaplet we would place upon the simple grave at Mt. Auburn liable to the charge of being superfluous or tardy.

As American citizens we are the heirs of his fame, the enduring result of a life of toil and usefulness. As scholars, still treading the quiet paths which he once said would have been the height of his ambition to tread through life, we are the inheritors of his learning. As educators we are the legatees, executors and promoters of that policy of Equality in Matters of Education to whose successful vindication he devoted his rising talent.

In the scholarly oration of Senator Schurz there is an implied censure that SENATOR SUMNER was an Idealist, rather than a practical statesman; and, further, there is the criticism that he was not a statesman, in the highest sense of the term. Not only the Senator from Missouri, but many political opponents and not a few well-meaning friends share this view. It may not, then, seem inappropriate, and cretainly not unnecessary, if I venture to claim for Senator Sumner the highest qualities which go to make up the greatest benefactor to his country, the *Idealist*, the *Statesman* and the *Scholar*. In his political faith and private life he was a loyal disciple of "the truth-loving Plato,"* whose abiding and comprehensive thought was: How shall we best improve strength, purify and consolidate the State? How shall we educate the individual in the truest manner—morally, intellectually and physically? How, after we have accomplished this, shall we combine the two in mutual union, reciprocal protection—the one assisting in the work of the other, and the latter alone able to make the ideal Commonwealth a possibility?

The world has not reached the ideal of the foremost philosopher, nor has it attained to the pure height of the greatest moral teacher, yet among the many noble lives spent in the search after truth, and amid the countless endeavors made after right, equity and justice, the only ideas which can truly ennoble the State, the name of CHARLES SUMNER is destined to rank conspicuously among the first.

His was the idealism which rendered Luther so impracticable and dogmatic to the church conservatism of his day. The same spirit

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*Clem. Alex. *Ille deus noster*—Cic. ad Att. IV, 16.

made Pym, Hampden and Milton the hot-headed enthusiasts of the early and later English Revolution; and that identical idealism nerved the soul of Hancock, Otis and Adams in the North, and Rutledge and Pinckney in the South, to resist a petty tax, because it violated a principle. It consisted in a profound conviction of the EQUALITY OF ALL MEN BEFORE THE LAW, and associated with it was the dogma so often attacked and scouted, but never yet successfully controverted, of the RIGHTS OF MAN. Correlative with these, and of more immediate importance, because pertinent to the needs of our country and the genius of our times, were an abiding faith in the sincerity of the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, and a belief that the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES was the MAGNA CHARTA OF FREEDOM and not of SLAVERY. He knew at what a cost Liberty had been preserved in England. He had read of its terrible trials in France. He loved the good name and the future fame of his native land, and seizing those old principles which will forever make the English Revolution justly memorable, and borrowing the phrase EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW from the French Revolutionists of 1793, he interpreted and applied them to his own land in the light of the Declaration and the Constitution, by that act rendering his name celebrated as the great Idealist of our country. This he did, not from mere whim alone. His youth had been passed at the feet of the statesman who brought the country through the ordeal of acquiesence to the Constitution, and from out the hopeless chaos of the Confederation. The favorite of that staunch Federalist, the opposer of the Louisiana purchase, the friend and correspondent of the old Carolina Federals—Josiah Quincy*—he learned in his boyhood the wiles and the unscrupulous character of the slave territory propagandists.

He witnessed the growth and arrogance of this spirit, hostile to American Liberty. He saw its advocates demanding the whole territory for slavery. The persistent camel whose nose was first permitted under the blanket was fast usurping the entire bed. He was old enough to sympathize with "the old man eloquent" in his contest for the Right of Petition. And he had what must have been a constant source of inspiration, the friendship and the warm personal respect of that American Chatham, whose principles he was destined to carry forward to their triumphant completion. Fortunate in the friendship and companionship of such elders, trained in law by the learned Story, who forged constitutional thunderbolts for the Olympian Webster, is it strange that this Sumner, familiar with the principles of liberty at home, the favorite of the radical Lord Brougham, while yet a studious young lawyer in England, whose scholarship and manly beauty made him the envied of his fellows, the hope of his elders,

*Life of Josiah Quincy—by Edmund Quincy, page 188, *et seq.*

should oppose the annexation of Texas on principles of the broadest philanthrophy, should refuse offices which others long for, and should be so daring as to address Webster, then at the zenith of his power—"By the vigor, argument, and eloquence with which you upheld the Union, and that interpretation of the Constitution which makes us a Nation, you have justly earned the title of *Defender of the Constitution.* By masterly and successful negotiation, and by efforts to compose the strife concerning Oregon, you have earned another title, *Defender of Peace.* * * * * Assume, then, these unperformed duties. The aged shall bear witness to you; the young shall kindle with rapture, as they repeat the name of Webster; the large company of the ransomed shall teach their children and their children's children, to the latest generation, to call you blessed; and you shall have yet another title, never to be forgotten on earth or in heaven—*Defender of Humanity.*" Alas, there was no idealism in the mind of the great apostate. The high promises of Plymouth Rock had been sunk in the wine and intrigues of Washington, and the hosts of slavery had marked well their man when they pandered to his failings and relieved his necessities. Party and Office stifled the noble aspirations of his youth. He was too much absorbed in the contemplation of the concrete terms, place, power and money, to value the abstractions, Liberty, Equality and Honesty, and, therefore, deservedly missed the honors he coveted; was cheated by the slave oligarchy to which he had sold himself, and died disappointed, betrayed, broken-hearted, leaving to his youthful and ardent successor, the presumptuous adviser, the honor of winning for himself the lofty title—Defender of Humanity.

The Idealist is always the keenest of intellects. His quality of brain is direct, suggestive and synthetic. Knowing the causes of things, fortified in his opinions by the widest induction, he demonstrates, almost by intuition, the necessary conclusion. Foreseeing that all reasoning, however accurate or erratic, must reach one result, he directs his energies to the attainment of that end. His principles are few, but comprehensive. If he fail or die without the sight, we are accustomed to sneer at him as an enthusiast, a visionary, an idealist. If he succeed only partially, if he determine only a portion of the eternal truths upon which our happiness and development are predicated, common justice alone should lead us to acknowledge his prescience, directness of thought, and the wonderful combination of events which have enabled him to do so much for us. Vane and Sydney were enthusiasts, apparently unsuccessful, whose martyrdom has helped to bolt down the foundations of English liberty. Danton and Robespierre saw far ahead the ideal of a republic which the fierce elements of the day would not permit them to make real. Newton was the same visionary after years of successful computation on the attraction of gravitation as he was when brooding over the falling apple

or wandering, lost in thought, along the shore "of the deep resounding sea." The idealist is always a rifleman, the sharpshooter along the skirmish line of intellect, not able to win the battle in and of himself, but contributing vastly to the grand result. He does not waste his intellectual ammunition. He knows the value of the scale, the effect of depression and mirage. No idle and desultory shooting for him, he carries bullets and each one must do its duty. An idealist, Loyola, loving the Church, takes her sorrows and trials into his own great heart and mourns over them until he has seen the vision of her increased power and splendor. His mission, then, has begun, and henceforth, to the carrying out of this idea, he devotes his own life and shapes the lives of thousands. The Jesuits, determined, self-sacrificing and enthusiastic, are to-day known in every quarter of the globe as the bone and sinew of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Southern idealists had early foreseen the danger, no larger than a man's hand, which would, in time, overshadow them in the Electoral College, and hem in their peculiar system of labor. In time they began their agitation silent, relentless, clannish, unpatriotic, insiduous, but successful. Louisiana was admitted to the Union. Federalism struggled feebly in the Southern States for an existence, and Virginia and South Carolina, gathering all the spoils, proved the efficacy of power, when consolidated in the hands of the few. They usurped the commanding offices of State—controlling the politics, dictating men and measures to their Northern sycophants, demoralizing even the teachings of Christianity and domineering in the Congress as they were accustomed to do on their plantations. Everywhere, in speech and in act, they exemplified the boldness of Danton. *De l'audace! encore de l'audace! et toujours de l'audace!* They controlled the Democratic party which had grown into stalwart youth, strong in its affection for slavery, and in process of time they sapped and mined the principles of the Whig party, which, starting with an idea, ended without one, falling asunder from its intrinsic worthlessness and recreancy. Then, at last, sprang forth from the chaotic elements the germ of a new party, made up of what was still strong and true of the Whigs and that part of the Democracy, so called, not yet wholly corrupted, a Spartan band of earnest men who believed in Freedom in the Territories. Their party-name symbolized the work, the preparatory work, that was to be done—FREE SOIL—the forerunner of the great Republican party, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness."

Into the ranks of such men stepped CHARLES SUMNER, an idealist, as pronounced in favor of freedom as any had been before him of slavery. Around him clustered all the best traditions of the illustrious commonwealth; all the liberty-loving associations of his native city of Boston,

with her storied memories of honored sons, tried so often in the scorching fires of the Revolution, stimulating him like another Themistocles—sleepless on account of the trophies in the Ceramicus. His soul was inspired by the memories handed down of Otis and Adams and Hancock.

His mind was stored with the ripest learning of the Ancient University, at whose bountiful lap no trusting, earnest son has ever sat, who did not learn to reverence her venerable name—who did not sadly leave the shadows of her classic elms, without feeling his heart strengthened by the record of her historic past, and with a purpose calm and immutable to do something worthy of her ancient honor. Not only CHRISTO ET ECCLESIÆ, but PATRIA also, she taught him to lisp, and with it, by her own radiant example, HUMANITAS.

Revered Mother! whose record of statesmanship and literature is perennial, and whose Memorial Hall, just opened to her loving children, bears aloft the names of those who dared to die that their native land might be preserved, these are the natural outgrowths of your sterile soil and hardy training, but the greatest praise is that your

> "—free latchstring never was drawed in
> Against the poorest child of Adam's kin."

With such traditions, training and lofty purpose, Mr. Sumner entered the arena of politics, not to turn political cranks, nor to swear allegiance to every petty master. He pulled no party wires, and he made no servile promises. His life was known; his sentiments had been avowed against caste in schools, against the acquisition of slave territory, and against war, in his famous oration on the True Grandeur of Nations. With regard to scholarship, had not Everett and Quincy and Adams listened delighted to his eloquent, lofty and scholarly homage to the memory of Channing, Story and Allston, before his ALMA MATER? His robes had not been soiled in the scramble for office. There was a bright halo of promise about his spotless integrity, and a charm of novelty in his contempt for political chicanery. From these concurrent gifts and graces came the hope of a brighter future for the commonwealth than she had seen, since recreant public servants had bound her to the slave empire.

From the day of his election, in which Democrat and Freesoiler clasped hands,* she breathed freer, and during the twenty-three years of continuous service with which she honored him, loftily and honorably, bravely and untiringly did he keep alive her old prestige, and once, when she herself, blinded by the smoke of the rebellion, saw not so clearly

* Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America—Henry Wilson, Vol. II, and "Charles Sumner's" election as Senator—Works of S. D. Bradford, p. 293 *et. seq.*

as he—once, and once only—she turned away her face, censuring him with words which stung to the depths of his sensitive soul. Before his death, saving herself the anguish of King Lear,* repentant, self-accusing and weeping, she folded him once more in her motherly arms, raining down a blessing of tears upon the low-bowed head that, ever jealous of her stainless honor, was always erect in her service! Through the vista of that stormy period, now dim amid the battle smoke of war and patriotic passion, when stalwart treason and giant loyalty had grappled in the frenzy of death, what figure stands more calm than his? Whose intellect, steadied more clearly by a well defined conviction, enriched by the precedents of history, sees clearer the end to be desired and moves more surely to its attainment? He was the statesman, above all others, who was "the closet-student," the expounder of the lore of Greece and Rome, the "visionary," "fanatic," the too impracticable statesman for our time!

He lacked, indeed, the bonhomie of Hale, the bluff sturdiness of Giddings, and was the political contradictory of Seward, weakness and sinuosity personified, the model of average success and policy, *quieta non movere*;† but he possessed a mind that saw clearly above the passions of the hour beyond the wrong which he hated, independent of the misguided friends of that wrong whom he always pitied, high over the prostrate race, the glad vision of a land freed from the ancient curse, knowing neither master nor slave, conqueror nor conquered, where labor was respected, equality stretched her ample wings over all and the promises of the Declaration of Independence were at length fulfilled.

This was the IDEALISM of the Senator whose character and talents I attempt to sketch to-day—*mentem non potui pingere.*‡ Judged by events, was it absurd, visionary or ill-timed? If the capstone has not yet reached its place, it is in consequence of no fault of his. He, the master workman, has sketched the plan; has helped to furnish part of the work, and is gone; but the perfect design remains in all the purity of its original conception. The theorist and idealist—as ever in life, the earnest theorist—scoffed at by the short-sighted and the grovelling, proves to be, at last, with the triumph of his plans, the sternest realist, "the fiercely practical."

SENATOR SUMNER began his career as a STATESMAN at a period when the policy of the South seemed every where triumphant. The press was gagged, the church defended slavery as "a Divine institution," and the statesmen of that time were seeing which could bend the pregnant hinges of the knee best, to the demand of their master. Many were

* Act V, scene 2.

† The maxim Walpole complacently received from his father.

‡ Durer's inscription under the portrait of Melancthon.

apologizing for having dared to hope freely abroad, or, inadvertently, at home, that America would one day be free. Rewards were offered for the heads of men who lived to raise the star-spangled banner again over the blackened ramparts of Sumter. South Carolina's star was on the wane, as the old Federals had prophesied when she became "a parish of Virginia."* Calhoun was dead, and in the place of that leader, a weaker race from his own State, and a Mason, as a Chrichton of chivalry and law, blew the trumpet for Virginia, whose echoing horn South Carolina was following. Henry Clay, who looked Winthrop into silence, was in the Senate for the last time, when Sumner, Wade and Mallory took the senatorial oath. The last time Webster visited the scene of his former triumphs, he heard the rising hope of the North, the expounder of the old theory of the government, asserting the unconstitutionality of the same law he had gone down on his knees to ask them to accept. Everett had borne testimony to the extrinsic, if not innate, virtues of slavery and its universality. Surely Belshazzar's throne was secure. The fugitive slave bill was a law, and every northern freeman was, by its provision, bound to become a bloodhound. It was an hour when Walpole might have said, Caribs black caribs, had no representative in Congress; they had no agent but God, and he was seldom called to the bar of the House to defend their cause.†

Hitherto the sway of the South had been almost undisputed, if we except a show of resistance on the Wilmot Proviso and the admission of California. John Quincy Adams kept them at bay for ten years, on the right of petition and the gag-rule; but even his anti-slavery contest had been secondary to attainment of office, and sprang rather from the opposition to petitions and gag-law. While he had desired the day of redemption to come, "whether in peace or in blood;" while he gave no encouragement to the petitions for the immediate emancipation in the District of Columbia, without compensation, but said he would vote against it, and sneered at the anti-slavery societies, still he could write: "The fire of liberty burns yet, though with a flickering flame in New England. It will yet kindle and consume to ashes the dastardly sophisms with which slavery would pollute our souls. I may not live to see the day, but will wait for it only to say, with Simeon: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'" Again: "I rejoice that the

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* "You will have long since seen, by our measures, that this State is a Parish of Virginia. Her politics and her measures govern us entirely, and we are, as I believe, perfectly contented to rise or fall with Virginia. That Virginia politics will dissolve this Union, I have long since predicted, and I look for it at no distant day."—Life of Josiah Quincy, pp. 190, 192, *et seq.*

W. Crafts to Josiah Quincy.

Chancellor H. W. DeSaussure to same, p. 190.

†Walpole's Letters, Vol. II, p. 234.

cause of human freedom is falling into younger and more vigorous hands. * * * * The summons has gone forth ; the youthful champions of the rights of human nature have buckled and are buckling on their armor, and the scourging overseer, the lynching lawyer, and the servile sophist, and the faithless scribe and the priestly parasite will vanish before them like Satan touched by the spear of Ithuriel."

The youthful champion was now upon the arena, and with "more vigorous hands" had grasped the thunderbolt, awaiting only the fitting moment to hurl it at the enemy. The clarion blast which awoke the North from its lethargy, which reverberated even through Europe, revealing the odious nature of the man-stealing bill, and uniting more firmly the champions of freedom, was greeted by Hale as the "new era in the history of the politics and of the eloquence of the country," making "a draft upon the gratitude of the friends of humanity and liberty that will not be paid through many generations."

Mr. Chase wrote, at the time: "It will distinguish the day when the advocates of that theory of governmental policy, constitutional construction, which he has so ably defended and so brilliantly illustrated, no longer content to stand upon the defensive in the contest with slavery, boldly attacked the very citadel of its power."

In constitutional learning, in felicity of illustration, in cogent reasoning, this speech laid bare the temporary and expedient character of slavery, its baseless assumptions and its peculiar sectional claim. At last Milton's man "of rare abilities, and more than common industry, not only to take back and review what hath been taught heretofore, but to gain further, and to go on some new enlightened steps in the discovery of truth," had arisen, and thereafter the anti-slavery basis of the Constitution being vindicated by youth, profound conviction, argument and learning, the hitherto helpless minority—Chase, Wade, Hale and Seward—had a leader.

Throughout the Kansas-Nebraska battle he maintained the same pre-eminence, protesting against the bad faith of slavery in the repeal of the Missouri compromise, protesting at midnight against its passage, when rising to the prophetic vein he boldly proclaimed: "*Sir, it is the best bill on which Congress ever acted, for it annuls all past compromises with slavery, and makes any future compromises impossible. Thus it puts freedom and slavery face to face, and bids them grapple. Who can doubt the result? It opens wide the door of the future, when at last there will really be a North, and the slave power will be broken, when this wretched despotism will cease to dominate over our government. * * Thus, Sir, standing at the very grave of freedom in Nebraska and Kansas, I lift myself to the vision of that happy resurrection by which freedom will be assured, not only in these Territories, but everywhere under the National Government. More*

clearly than ever before, I now penetrate that great future when slavery must disappear. Proudly I discern the flag of my country, as it ripples in every breeze, at last in reality, as in name, the flag of freedom, undoubted, pure and irresistible. Am I right, then, in calling this bill the best on which Congress ever acted?" Thus in all the manly vigor of intellect and heart, the statesman of the new crusade, a scholar by education and thorough training, a constitutional lawyer by instinct and extraordinary opportunities of study, both at home and abroad, a statesman in the broadest sense, since he possessed the prophetic second-sight, seeing the futility and the unpardonable error, the false economy of tampering with wrong, pointed out the true policy of the nation. Ah! had it been followed, instead of the perfidious scheme of the ambitious and pliant Douglass, stimulated by the insensate advocates of slavery, we should have been, by this policy of freedom, preserved from the horrors and the uncalculable losses of the civil war.

When South Carolina boasted, in reply that slavery gave us the constitution, he opened the pages of her history and showed the record, adding, "And yet, in the face of this combined and authoritative testimony, we are called to listen, in the American Senate, to the arrogant boast from a venerable Senator, that American Independence was achieved by the arms and treasures of slave-holding communities;" an assumption baseless as the fabric of a vision, in any way it may be interpreted. * * * Not by slavery, but in spite of slavery, was Independence achieved. Not because, but notwithstanding, there were 'slave-holding communities,' did triumph descend upon our arms."

He, too, was the first to air the pretentious of the supercilious Mason, and prick the thin bubble of his legal assumption. Our champion of liberty gave him, (the author of the hated bill) no quarter. "With imperious look," said SENATOR SUMNER, "and in the style of Sir Forcible Feeble, that Senator undertakes to call in question my statement, that the fugitive slave Act denies the writ of *habeas corpus*, and, in doing this, he assumes a superiority for himself, which, permit me to tell him now in this presence, nothing in him can warrant; * * * and to his peremptory assertion, that the fugitive slave Act does not deny the *habeas corpus*, I oppose my assertion, peremptory as his own, that it does, and there I leave the issue. * * * * Sir, I challenge the Senator to defend his progeny not by assertion but by reason. Let him rally all the ability, learning and subtlety which he can command, and undertake the impossible work."

Some of you may still remember the forensic and phillipic, in which he denounced and portrayed the Crime against Kansas. All of us are familiar, sadly familiar, with the details of the cowardly assault which followed the delivery of that speech, while his victim was engaged in

writing, and with back to his foe, by a son of South Carolina and an alumnus of the South Carolina College. The hot blooded atrocity of the assault dwindles, if it were possible, beside the cool approval of this species of argument by Jefferson Davis, Mason, Toombs and the press of Charleston, Columbia and Richmond, and the elaborate eulogy of the SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW,* which justified or palliated its enormity. SENATOR SUMNER himself freely forgave, at the time, his personal assailant, and afterwards, so generously, the section which applauded, that the caricaturist has recently represented him as casting flowers upon the grave of Preston S. Brooks. Easily, then, can we forgive, at this late day, in view of the stupendous effect it had upon the country, and remembering how the Mephistopheles that prompted the blow has been laid low.

That assault was like a trumpet-call to the doubtful and indifferent. It united the friends of freedom, saved Kansas from slavery, and helped to form the great Republican party, destined, I trust, to carry out to its utmost fulfilment the true Republican doctrine—EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

Years of exile followed, during which, in pursuit of health, in the mountains of his native land and across the sea, he wandered, never forgetful of the cause for the vindication of which he had been stricken down. Willingly he submitted to the surgeon's knife and the burning iron, enduring the pangs of cauterization without recourse to anæsthetics, and bearing all with a fortitude and heroic endurance that challenged the admiration of the physicians, and proved that moral and physical courage are not inverse qualities, but capable of reaching their highest expression in the same man.† During all his exile Massachusetts kept the vacant chair for him, deeming no other son worthy to fill that seat while he lived. He was not idle while seeking that former vigor, which, alas! never returned, except to the brain, which not even a bludgeon could permanently injure.

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* "A man who would endeavor to fix a fanatic by argument, says a renowned English writer, might as well attempt to spread quicksilver with his fingers. Mr. Brooks concluded it was his duty to chastise. He was impelled by the double motive of vindicating the honor of his State, and the character of his aged and beloved relative. He had sought him repeatedly in the Capitol grounds and elsewhere, but it became apparent that Mr. Sumner had determined to keep out of his way. The Senate Chamber was the only place where he could meet him, and he made up his mind to inflict the punishment upon the very spot where he had perpetrated the outrage." February, 1857, Vol. II, Article , Honorable Preston S. Brooks, p. 348.

† I saw Charles Sumner in Rome, he looked well, but was much more disconcerted by coming up two or three flights of stairs than a strong man would have been.

—*Life of Samuel J. May.*

Dr. Brown-Sequard, in his Lowell Institute course, a year ago, volunteered the interjected remark, in illustrating a point under treatment, that he never in his practice subjected a patient to a more terrible ordeal than he did Mr. Sumner, after his injury in the Senate Chamber, and he never saw the severest known treatment endured by any man with more unflinching nerve than by that Senator.—*Boston Journal.*

On his sick couch, and during his saunterings about the art treasuries of Paris, the Louvre and the Luxemboug, he cultivated anew those æsthetic tastes which made him the friend of the meritorious artists, the delightful companion of the virtuoso and the compeer of the learned connoisseur. The fruits of that enforced leisure were seen in the rare gems, the souvenirs of the Rostra and the Bema, the Forum and Mars Hill, the Place de la Concorde, the Colonna Trajana, the Vatican and Versailles, painting, engraving, bust, statue, books and coins, which proclaimed his taste, relieved the solid days of toil, beguiled those of slow recovery, amused him and instructed many a friend.

The opposition prophesied he would never return. The wish was father to the thought. But he did return and filled that empty chair with even more grace and intrepidity, with additional learning, intensified hostility, and an opposition so determined as to be destined to end only in the utter extermination of the cause.

Who can forget, who heard of it, or fail to be inspired with it, who reads to-day, the war of the onset which told of the attack on the Barbarism of Slavery. His was the right, by virtue of suffering, to lead the van, as, in the days of old, his Kentish ancestors claimed the front of battle as their right, and formed, at a well-known siege, the majority of the hosts of King Henry of Navarre. It justified the faith of the State in waiting for him; it confirmed the brilliant predictions of his friends and the gloomy forebodings of his enemies. The venerable Quincy, the first Mayor of Boston, while SENATOR SUMNER was a Latin-school boy, and the energetic head of the University when he was a senior in college, was not too enthusiastic when he had welcomed him home, in "the voice of the great multitude of your fellow-citizens. In their name, and by their authority, I welcome you home to Massachusetts, expressing their honor and thanks for the fidelity with which you have fulfiled your duties as their representative in the Senate of the United States, where, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified, you kept your love, your zeal and your loyalty to liberty, where neither number nor example, threat nor sneer, 'within you wrought to swerve from truth, or change your constant mind.'"

The period marked by his return to his seat and the onset against slavery, strengthened by the increased anti-slavery sentiment of the North, portray vividly the second and most active period of his career. A short summary is only a partial record of his valuable service during the vacillations, treachery and vicissitudes of the war. Throughout the entire period, whether in his place in the Senate, as the adviser, friend and companion of the Martyr-President, in raising troops, encouraging Governor Andrew, demonstrating the necessities and safety of Emancipation, or in organizing colored troops, demanding equal rights for their

officers, rebuking Massachusetts' officers who toadied to rebellion, or aiding by his own personal appeal to President Lincoln, emancipation in the District of Columbia, protesting against the return of fugitives who brought information to our armies, or urging the recognition of Liberia and Hayti among the family of nations, opposing the inscription of names of victories over our own fellow-citizens, on regimental colors, asserting the right of Fremont and Hunter to fight rebellion with fire, urging National Emancipation or opposing, with all his ability, the double-dealing policy of England on armed neutrality, until, at last, the negro a soldier, emancipation proclaimed, the war a reality, the North in earnest, victory perched upon the triumphant eagles of the Republic, proclaiming the soil of America henceforth sacred to freedom—the SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS was ever earnest, loyal, hopeful, indefatigable and constant of purpose.

It makes no difference whether we judge his statesmanship by the measures he advocated on his first appearance in public life, by any of his published speeches or addresses during his early senatorial career or in its later ripening, during the period of the war with its intricate duties and delicate trials, or amid the equal dangers of President Johnson's treachery and incompetency, or the perplexities and really grave questions of reconstruction, we shall find in him the same grasp of fundamental principles, that keen discrimination which separates the essential from the accidental, an astounding accumulation of precedents and a wealth of illustrations always pertinent and sound in law and analogy, a variety of topics, and an infinity of details that prove him to have been the hardest worker, the clearest headed man, the most pains-taking and really patriotic Senator in the halls of Congress. Go back to the list as it greets us on the page of history; consult the records of those portentous years locked up in the archives of legislation, and while Seward was diplomatic, machiavelian, and despotic, and Chase intrepid, and careful of the purse strings, Stevens unconquerable and Wade determined, Fessenden eloquent and Schurz learned and versatile, but understanding liberty to mean one thing in America and another in Germany, SUMNER seems to have combined, just so far as it was possible, the highest and best qualities of all. Had you asked any of them in their day, who was the ablest mind, they would have assigned the second place to CHARLES SUMNER, as the generals after Salamis, arrogating the merits of the victory as due first to themselves unanimously gave Themistocles the second place. Henceforth, as the student of our earlier history seeks the pages of Hamilton and Jefferson and Adams and Madison, to learn the hidden springs and motives, the aim and scope, as well as the insidious and open dangers that menaced our infant nation, so he who would know at what a cost and through what perils our liberties, now partially

attained, have been rescued, must seek it in the intellectual remains, the monument *ære perennius*, which the patriotism and industry of Charles Sumner has left behind to instruct and stimulate the youth of our country.*

It would be a far seeing and wise policy which would establish in our own University an annual prize dissertation demanding on the part of the contestants a thorough examination of these speeches and addresses, and the period to which they refer. Judging SENATOR SUMNER by these alone, and they are an irrefutable record, I dare to call him, compared with any standard, ancient or modern, a statesman in the truest and most enduring sense. In addition to his accumulated stores of learning on matters of public policy, he looked into the future, hoping to find that ideal and permanent good, based upon the Golden Rule, the Declaration and the Constitution: and until the one loses its high place in pure ethics or the other in politics, or the latter among the compact of nations, we ought not to censure him who aims to make them realities in the State.

He entered public life in the weak minority, a gallant Swiss band of freemen, couargeous enough to die willingly at their posts, rather than desert their colors. He lived to wield, amid the jealous and presumptuous, the wand of a powerful majority, not always directly and openly, for the great leader generally offends some, oftentimes the majority: it is only the politician of more cunning than soul, and possessing more intellect than conscience, who pleases the crowd and is considered "available."

Mere party zeal did not unduly influence him, although, strictly speaking, he was a partizan. Authority, founded upon any other than just principles, had no terrors for him,

"When new Presbyter was only old Priest writ large."

He had a lofty dogmatism, self-assertion, imperiousness, whatever we may call it, which is never, at least, the characteristic of a weak mind. In him it was the calm expression of conscious worth and rectitude of intention. At worst it only reminds one of Cicero and Burke, Dr. Johnson and Calvin, Knox and Milton. Unlike the timid Tully, *nihil affirmabo, quaeram omnia, dubitans plerumque et mihi ipse diffidens*, he always enunciated some truth, sought only one end, doubted nothing and never despaired of himself. He dared, amidst the excitement of the war, announce, No Names of Victories over Fellow-citizens on Regimental Colors, remembering that no Triumph was led up the *via sacra* for the conquerers in a civil war, that the Romans forbade Cæsar to enjoy a triumph over

*Works of Charles Sumner, Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1871.

Pompey, and that neither Culloden, Bunker Hill, Camden, Guilford Court House, Yorktown or Saratoga can be seen upon the colors of the British regiments, that served in Scotland and America. Cavalier and Roundhead, Guelph and Ghibelline, Monarchist and Republican, unite to forget the horrors of a civil war, and are unwilling that the smouldering coals of treason should be kept alive by signs of degradation and defeat. In time of war all things were just to save the Republic. Everything for Human Rights, nothing for sectional triumph. Equal laws for all citizens. No immunities from duties, and no withholding of rights. These are the axioms of a statesman. For the maintenance of such sentiments he bore, with patience and his usual firmness, the storm of opprobrium, which at a later time his Battle-flag Resolution raised, receiving without a remonstrance the censure of his beloved commonwealth, until at last the true public policy prevailed, toiling slowly up to the height upon which he stood, and the old Bay State, with averted head, tore out the shameful page from her statute book and sent a negro, one of her own law-givers and the Senator's personal friend, to announce the retraction.

When slavery considered itself best intrenched, and had insolently leaped over the slight wall of freedom, just rearing its crested head, it was SUMNER who prophesied the down-fall, which he lived to see. When treason was stealing forts and hurrying our ships to foreign waters, and northern sycophants were endeavoring to apply the old poultice of compromise, short-sighted men, well-meaning men, perhaps, who would have "saved" the Union with tears and surrender of principle, rather than by the strong arms of its loyal defenders, came to him, among them life-long friends, respected instructors once, allies in politics often, with revered leaders, whose age begot respect; but they found him inflexible.

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non voltus instantis tyrrani
> Mente quatit solida, neque Auster.

The popular heart was inflamed to the white heat of war. We were about to sacrifice upon the altar of our wounded pride a principle of international law for which we had contended since the establishment of the government. His voice, speaking from the Senate chamber, with the authority of his position and knowledge, strengthened the hands of the Secretary of State at that most perilous juncture. It was heard, far above the ominous murmurs and rumblings without the Senate, advising the surrender of his former political opponents, Mason and Slidell! On questions of reconstruction his advice was followed in nearly every instance. When President Lincoln, injudiciously, was about to turn over Louisiana to rebel control, SUMNER saved the State

by a series of parliamentary tactics that proved him master of the situation.

Was it a question of finance? He was always in favor of a speedy return to specie payments, and a prompt and honest payment to the public creditor. He took this stand, not from sectional interest, but rather from the grounds of its justice and undoubted expediency. He was confirmed in this by reading and the experience of nations. The speeches he delivered in the Senate, at the Boston Exchange, and in favor of General Grant's election in 1868, all contain the same sentiments.

Was he the indiscriminate eulogizer of England, as many would have us believe? Let us recall the fate of the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, which he stopped on its joyous march through the Senate, in the face of a large majority, and sent back to the oblivion it merited. The first instance, I believe, in the history of our country, sustaining the National honor and rendering arbitration, the loved theme of his youth a possibility. Once it was the South hating him as the embodiment of the voting abolitionists. Then, it was the loyal North, believing he wished to detract from the fame of the patriotic dead. Lastly, England, whose past was so full to him of all that was heroic in suffering and lofty in patriotism and great in intellect, was fiercest in her upbraidings. Could there be any better test of the breadth and humanitarian aspects of his statesmanship than that all, at last, came up to his view, when the sober second thought cleared their mental vision. He advised neutrality with regard to Spain and Cuba three years ago, and during the excitement, a short time before his death. Not from a lack of sympathy with the struggling Cubans, but, beside the difficulties of International Law, he scorned to help men who shouted against oppression while they themselves held slaves. In railroad matters, commerce, protection to shipping, more general principles of public policy, on all he has left an opinion, not one, perhaps, dare I venture to say, from which some may not honestly differ with him, but all bearing evidences of close thinking and a trained and thoughtful mind.

Did he have influence and possess political acumen? He killed the Santo Domingo negotiations, and every lover of his country ought to rejoice at it. In 1868 he stated the issue of the canvass to be, "*Shall the men who saved the Republic continue to rule it, or shall it be handed over to rebels and their allies?*" The question is very nearly answered to-day, when a guerrilla chief rules the political fortunes of Virginia, under the sanction of a Republican President; when Stephens and Gordon dare to creep back to the United States Congress, and unblushingly argue against the rights of six millions of their fellow-citizens, their superiors, so far as the benefits of the republic are concerned; when the first victory for those conquered in the Rebellion is celebrated by the booming of cannon upon the defeat of the Civil Rights bill.

While Senator Sumner was magnanimous and forgiving, he did not cringe to traitors nor hasten to grant favors to rebels while he withheld rights from loyalists. Upright in his own private life, too pure to be contaminated with the vices of the Capital, austere in his public capacity, no shadow of corruption dogging his footsteps, *caste integreque,* who could more consistently sound the alarm? He who, Cato-like, had never pandered to place and power himself, could not easily condone for another's weakness. Well he knew that the most trying period of a country was not when the armies were in the field and the plough was forsaken, the workshop closed; but after the victory had been won, when the cowardly, the false-hearted, those who were ready to stop the war at any time and let slavery rule, the men who never fought for the idea on either side, they who lived only by the hope of power or a thirst for political aggrandizement, too often retarded the attainment of some rights and wickedly bartered away those secured by centuries of toil. France, after 1793, England swinging back into corruption and every species of political and social vice on the accession of Charles II, are melancholy and disheartening instances.

"There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war."

But the "practical statesman," in distinction from the idealist, finds places for his friends, and as he mounts the ladder himself, helps up his less fortunate comrades below. A portfolio, or a mission, an office, or "a job," is the return. Fidelity to principle is not wholly unrewarded, though sometimes it wait long for recognition. Of those who combined to send Senator Sumner to the Senate twenty-four years ago, all have enjoyed a fair share of honors, whether by the lucky juncture of the stars, the flight of birds, or the self-abnegation of one who considered the senatorship from Massachusetts the highest office in the land, it is not for me to say. It happened that the gifted Rantoul and Horace Mann, the foremost educator America has produced, both went to Congress, although they died prematurely for the good of the State and their own promising fame. Palfrey became a prominent office-holder, Henry Wilson, the Warwick of the movement, became Senator, and is now our honored Vice-President. Banks became Speaker of the Lower House, went to Congress, and was an able Speaker of that body in the lower branch, Adams was Minister to the Court of St. James, during the perilous negotiations of the war, winning honors for his family name and State, for the third generation of diplomatic service, Andrew became the foremost war Governor, who kept Massachusetts always at the front, and upon whose great heart Sumner leaned with genuine confidence. Of his compeers in the Senate minority, Hale and Wade, Seward and Chase, all played their parts well, meriting and receiving well of the Republic.

When President Lincoln, relying upon the ability and valuing the assistance SENATOR SUMNER had rendered, sought to do him honor, he offered him the highest office in the gift of the American people—the Chief Justiceship. But he declined in favor of his friend Chase, whose appointment he advocated and carried in the teeth of much opposition. We cannot help pausing to admire such disinterestedness of spirit and self-sacrifice for the good of others. Decline a seat on that Bench, already dignified by the ability and learning of a Marshall and a Story! Decline to be a successor of that teacher whose favorite pupil he had been at the law school, whose chair he had filled so acceptably, while yet a young man, whose reports he had edited with such ability! Refuse it at a time of life when the main battle for which he had devoted himself had been fought and won; when true scholarship, peculiar fitness and congeniality of pursuit woo to ease and literary tranquility!

Thirty years before, when a young stripling in the law, but of brilliant promise, a boarder in the same house with Grayson, McDuffie and Griffin of South Carolina, and Dr. Lieber, afterwards the distinguished professor in the South Carolina College, Dr. Blake, of Washington, another boarder, still living and respected, there, struck by the remarkable ability of the youthful Sumner, prophesied that he would one day wear the highest judicial ermine.* Here was the opportunity, and the temptation could not, perhaps, have been presented in a more seductive form. He felt, however, that liberty was not yet fully secured. There remained much to be done, which no one could do so well as he in the Senate. While upon the bench, the main issues—the amendments and finance—could be trusted in the hands of a veteran like Chase.

He put aside ambition and adhered to duty. The slave of Epaphroditus must have had such a noble soul in mind when he said: "Who then is unconquerable? He whom the inevitable cannot overcome. For such a person I imagine every trial, and watch him as an athlete in each. He has been victorious in the first encounter. What will he do in the second? * * * What if he be tested by fame, by calumny, by praise, by death? He is able to overcome them all. If

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* "A few days before his departure from Washington, [1834,] Dr. Blake remarked to him: 'Mr. Sumner, * * * I make the prophesy that, if you live and diligently pursue your profession, the mantle which John Marshall now so gracefully wears will some day descend upon your shoulders.' * * * When the announcement of the appointment of Judge Chase was made, it soon became spread about that it was accomplished through the influence of Senator Sumner, who was the earnest friend of both Secretary Chase and President Lincoln; and perceiving that an estrangement of feeling was growing up between them, and apprehending that it might result, if not checked, in an open rupture and endanger the harmony of the party, he sacrificed his own interest for the sake of friendship, and the good of his party, and it was mainly through his instrumentality and exertions that the selection devolved upon Judge Chase."—Recollections of Sumner, by Dr. J. B. Blake.—*National Republican*, Washington, March, 1874.

he can bear sunshine and storm, discouragement and fatigue, I pronounce him an athlete unconquered indeed."*

These acts, a part only of the honorable record he has left, assert the character and breadth of his statesmanship. He did not believe with Macaulay and Peel, with Palmerston and Disraeli, that statesmanship consists in compromise. The trimmer, he knew was ever a heartless, supple-jointed creature, who cared naught for principle, loving only the retention of power, if he possessed it, and striving only to attain it even if it were obtained by a murder of his faith. And he had studied the history of compromises, on question of right, too well to trust overmuch to their seductive song. Willingly would he have sacrificed the good of some to preserve the rights of all; but it could only be done when there was an identity as well as an equivalence of rights and the common cause must be really in danger. The famished sailors wrecked on the merciless deep may justly cast lots for the sacrifice. When favoring breezes follow and the good ship is in no danger, they cannot, without invoking disaster, sacrifice their weaker passenger or feeble sailor. The test of real statesmanship is when it preserves the rights of the minority, while it holds with a strong hand, for public ends solely, the rule of the majority. It seeks for causes that are eternal, not evanescent, and employs means to reach simply the true statesman's end, either the maintenance or the re-establishment of JUSTICE. It looks at the future more than the present, and but little at the past. Where no lasting principle is to be maintained for the future, there can be no statesmanship in the true sense. In days of compromise the politician may barter away the peace of a community, or the honor of his country, professing always his desire to preserve them. But the statesman sees in such subterfuges only the patching of the bridge, the plugging up the leak in the dyke with an old rag. He knows these are the last resort of minds of inferior discernment, the timidity of hearts postponing, until after their day, the sweep of the deluge.

Gladstone, devoting his retirement from office to the triumphs of scholarship, is only, to my mind, one grade less in height, because he dared not, being an Englishman, do full and complete justice to Ireland. In defeat even, so far as he was sincere and earnest in reform, he looms up above his wily compeer. Calhoun was a statesman in the true sense; for the test must be independent of the principles involved. He believed slavery to be equitable and just. He foresaw the sure influence of the States destined to draw a cordon about the system, and hence he first sought to strengthen the argument which should be,

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* The works of Epictetus.—T. W. Higginson, pp. 56, 57.

in case of failure, a basis of safety, then, like a skilful general, he moved to the attack. Defeated by the firmness and promptness of Jackson, he shifted, adroitly, the arena and the weapons. He aimed to control the Senate and the cabinets, thus increasing the political importance of his section. Men of his own incorrupt nature and profound conviction could only successfully cope with him, and, even they, dubiously, had he not been contending against the inevitable—the power higher than that of man—that power which crushed Napoleon, and saved the liberties of Europe on the field of Waterloo, and cast down his nephew at Sedan—that power which preserved in safety from the Moncks, Clarendons, Buckinghams and Rochesters the germs of civil and religious liberty in England—the same power which, thus far in our history, has neutralized the mild treason of Burr, the ambition of Webster, the weakness of Douglass and the treachery of Jefferson Davis. The history of the American trimmer, like that of his English prototype, is the story of men of learning, often men of consummate ability, enervated by success and pleasure, intoxicated with power, or, too often, inflamed with a love of gold and fame. Run over the list, it is no difficult task, and you will find the statesmen casting their clear, steady light from comparatively few centres, while the whole concave of our history is scintillating with the borrowed light of the temporizers. Few know their names, and we group them in constellations. Numerically they appear great. Individually they are as good as ciphers.

The STATESMAN, building not for a day but for all time, is open to the cavils and censures of the feebler artist. The product often of two or three generations of culture himself, the happy combination of temperaments and opportunities, the foe of mere precedent and routine, no wonder it is that the hungry, jostling ephemera do not comprehend him, and are unable to measure his lofty stature with their ten foot poles.

St. Peter's, seen near at hand, is disappointing, so the travelers tell us. But viewed from the extensive plain of the historic campagna and bathed in the rich glow of an Italian sunset, it reveals in that gorgeous dome and symmetrical structure the vast design of Buonarroti. Our own national Capitol, much abused and belittled far more than its deserts, used to be a source of annoyance from whatever part of the great city it was seen; but since the spirit of improvement has dared to carry into effect the original design of Washington, and broad avenues have been suitably graded to its base, from whatever quarter of the city you behold it, the elegance and beautiful proportions of the building fill out the artistic conception. In such a sense as this, SENATOR SUMNER was not appreciated, often by real friends. In this same loftiness above the common standard, he was often deceived by the petty. So grand, however, were his own conceptions of right and duty, that no evil result

followed. I ventured to differ with him in 1872 on the question of President Grant's renomination, and I essayed to point out to him, as we were crossing the ferry from Jersey City to New York, that the colored people of the country could not follow his advice, then recently given, to vote for their old friend Mr. Greeley. Granting, if necessary, all that he had urged, and he did it with an earnestness and breadth of view which I wish his associates had understood at the time, I stated the simple issue to be, if no other, the safety of the colored people of the South. In that conversation alone, he disclosed to me the extent of his statesmanship and nationality, in no sense narrow or partizan. His fatherland was not the dear old Boston, which gave him birth, nor the natural boundaries of mountain and stream or the pettier limits of State lines. It was a statesmanship which loved the native land when she was the asylum of the oppressed and the promoter of the best interest of mankind. Lessing might say "Patrotism" was a thing he had no conception of; at the highest considering it only a heroic weakness, which he was glad to be without. He only uttered what many silently but unsuspiciously believe. At best their conception is only a negative one, shadowy, vague, indefinite, having no adequate expression. No more than the finite can grasp the infinite or the vulgar comprehend the reasoning of the learned can patriotism, the basis of statesmanship, be comprehended by any except the truly heroic mind. Never can it be fully known unless it be by the man who sees in his own land only a portion of that Republic of Nations destined at some time to exist on the earth.

Senator Sumner will hold an honorable place as a scholar beside any of his cotemporaries, and far in advance of many of his predecessors, upon whom we are accustomed to look as wonders of learning. If scholarship be not restricted to the exhaustive pursuit of a single branch of learning, but, more extended to that extensive basis of all learning, ancient and modern, which constitutes the culture of our day, and distinguishes the scholar from the pedant or the gerund-grinder, then he yields to none of his cotemporaries. The extent and thoroughness of his classical knowledge is shown in his published speeches, though not so strongly by that, to the judicious, as the daily conversation on those subjects of poetry and heroic prose with which the classics abound. Here he was pre-eminently at home. In history and international law, I imagine he has had few, if any superiors in the Senate, while in general literature his attainments often astounded his friends. As chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, he brought a mature mind, more solid training, the fruits of longer legislative experience, and more adequate idea of the requirements of that arduous position and a better acquaintance with "the language of diplomacy," than any of his predecessors. His name will rank worthily with the Adamses, Legare,

Rutledge and Dallas, Webster and Everett. In the history of the important constitutional periods, he was extensively and deeply read, as I have had abundant opportunity of knowing. There seemed indeed scarcely a name with which he was not intimately familiar. The foundations of this vast store of knowledge was laid while at College in the magnificent library which he always remembered through life, when he attended the lectures of the different professors in law, art, belles-lettres, philosophy, and afterwards while studying Italian history and literature at Rome from early morning until five in the evening, and then exploring the treasures of art under the tutelage of Crawford, whose bust of him while young is in the library at Cambridge. During the period of his study of the law, and directly after his admission to the bar, it was sensibly increased; but it was enlarged while abroad, and augmented and systematized during the years of his senatorship, when social ostracism banished him to the society of those friends that delight us at home and accompany us abroad. He was a devourer of books, I often thought a species of biblio-megatherium, possessing at the same time prodigious powers of acquisition and assimilation. Lawyer like, he always knew where to go for what he wished, possessed such a troop of learned friends, as easily followed any trail he once started. The records of his draughts upon the Congressional Library, and the testimony of the Athenæum and the Harvard Libraries, when he was supposed to be enjoying the congressional vacation, will, I am sure, bear out this assertion of his "terrible" reading.

He was equally a toiler, wearing out secretaries, and, like all great minds in any department, was both artist and artizan. No labor was too difficult for him; the very drudgery of the copyist he did not despise. He had served his apprenticeship at the slavery of the law in America and England, and the pile of manuscripts which were found upon his floor early in the morning and late at night, gave evidence of that training, and his natural capacity.

Amid the fiercest debates, at times of his utmost physical prostration, he found leisure, often against the remonstrance of his physician, to answer by his own hand trivial letters of his humblest correspondents. I have had the pleasure of looking over much of his valuable war correspondence, and I hope, at some early day, it may see the light, to show how varied in station and situation the correspondents of this noble soul were. When he was surrounded by his friends, embanked often by books and newspapers, his tables, chairs and lounge actually covered with volumes in German, Italian, French, Latin and Greek, the cheery lamp burning and the open grate shedding its soft light upon his classic face, he always seemed to me one of the type of statesman of another age, a literary character of the last century. How supremely happy,

child-like and genial he appeared at such times! With what tenderness he would bring forth his art and literary treasures, a missal, some book in law French or patois, a black lettered volume, *Claudianus* with the poet Gray's autograph, *Cicero de Officiis* in MSS. of the XVth century, *Haydns' Armida*, in MSS. by the author, *Ossian's Poems* with Byron's autograph, *Pindar* with notes in Milton's hand writing, a little book with *Sum Ben Jonsoni*, Grotius' *Book of Autographs* with notes by Milton on *Seneca*, here a copy of *Pope's Essay on Man*, with the author's MSS., notes and corrections, showing his critical ear and almost faultless taste; there the *Bible* of Bunyan, with the tinker's neat autograph, on one side the book in which the name AMERICA occurs for the first time amid ponderous Latin, and on the other Burns' "*Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*," in that bold round hand of Scotland's ablest bard! How grandly, too, would he sometimes read those lines which Burns composed during the ride in the blinding storm, drenched with rain, but in imagination charging the English army with Bruce at Bannockburn!

"By oppression's woes and pains;
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall—they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! Let us do, or die!"

The large collection of engravings and paintings which gave his apartments the appearance of an art gallery, would have stamped him as a man of the highest taste in art, had he not left a more notable proof in an admirable article contributed to a literary magazine.* Before the death of his mother many of these paintings adorned the walls of the modest mansion, No. 20 Hancock street, but were afterwards removed to his residence in Washington. Many of them were master pieces, but the engravings, while valuable as a private collection, were surpassed by more elaborate and costly ones, the Appleton in the halls of the Boston Public Library, and the famous Gray collection at Cambridge, gathered at an expense of $30,000, and in some respects one of the best private collections in the world. The munificent donor of these engravings gave an unlimited commission to that distinguished connoisseur, Dr. Louis Thies, to purchase them in Europe, being aware of his long experience and knowledge of the subject. As this collection of engravings was the indirect means of introducing me to SENATOR SUMNER and of getting an estimate of his knowledge of art from one who had devoted a lifetime to its cultivation, I may be pardoned for relating the incident here.

* "The City"—The Best Portraits in Engraving—New York—January, 1872.

Dr. Thies was the curator of the engravings, and learning, through his son, a college friend, of my taste for art, kindly invited two other collegians and me, as an especial mark of favor, to view the engraving, at that time kept jealously guarded in the upper story of Gore Hall, away from the sight and touch of the profane; but since, as I learn, by a more liberal policy, thrown freely open to the student-world. Never shall I forget that day when we roamed delighted through those treasures of the limner's art.—"E. S." (1466), Martin Schongauer, Albrecht Durer,

> "*Emigravit*" is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies,
> Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies."

Penez's vignettes and those of the cousins Behmen, Durer's successors. My enthusiasm, overflowed in an article contributed to the college paper, which, happening to be issued on "class-day," met the eye of SENATOR SUMNER, then visiting the poet Longfellow. He inquired of Dr. Thies the author. It was conjectured by the latter gentleman that I was the guilty one. As a punishment for my audacity, I had the honor of receiving the Senator's card, through Dr. Thies, with an invitation to call on him. In presenting the invitation, I remember, Mr. Thies said, "You will have an excellent opportunity of conversing on art, and will gain much information, for the Senator is, in my opinion, *the best art critic in America.*"

I found him on this occasion in company with an eminent Judge and author of western Massachusetts,* and his private secretary.† He was reclining upon a lounge, conversing with the Judge, and correcting, at the same time, that able address of his on the "Position and Duties of the Merchant, illustrated by the Life of Granville Sharp," in which he had quoted the well-known extract from Lord Brougham's speech on negro slavery, beginning, "Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it." The conversation naturally turned upon this passage, and he pointed out the effect of Lord Brougham's accurate study of Demosthenes, in the arrangement of the sentences, the order of the emphatic words, and the effect of the rhetorical order, criticising, if I remember correctly, the use of one or two words. From the speech of Lord Brougham, to his own acquaintance with him, was an easy transition, and for nearly two hours he entertained the learned Judge, Secretary, and a college junior, with delightful reminiscences of the English statesman of that day. Thus began a friendship with one whom I shall ever revere, not so much from his extraordinary gifts of head and

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* Joel Prentiss Bishop, Esq. † Moorfield Story, Esq.

heart as his unselfish, uninterrupted and ardent championship of my race—a friendship which lasted, deepening and extending on my part, till I received the telegram announcing his death.

Long had I reverenced him, at a distance. As a little boy, I walked to the Roxbury line to hear the venerable Quincy welcome him home from exile. I had climbed the rail of the State House at Boston to hear Governor Gardner hail him as "the eloquent orator, the accomplished scholar, and the acknowledged statesman; not only as the earnest friend of suffering humanity and of every good cause, not only as one who, educated in the institutions and by the altars and firesides of Massachusetts, has won imperishable laurels on the arena of the nation's conflicts, but especially now do we welcome you as the successful defender of her integrity and honor." I looked into his face, when, for the first time after his resumption of his senatorial duties, the evening before Mr. Lincoln's election, he spoke in old Faneuil Hall on the issues involved in the vote of the following day. I heard him as with prophetic voice he rang out through the arches of that temple of liberty—"*the great clock will soon strike its knell. Every four years a new President is chosen, but rarely a new government. To-morrow we shall have not only a new President but a new government.* A NEW ORDER OF THINGS WILL BEGIN, AND OUR HISTORY WILL PROCEED ON A GRANDER SCALE IN HARMONY WITH THOSE SUBLIME PRINCIPLES IN WHICH IT COMMENCED." On the next evening, at the house of the sage, Emerson, and on the classic ground of Concord, he showed the true use to be made of victory: "*Having obtained this great victory, let us study to use it with moderation, with prudence, with wisdom. Through no failure on our part must its proper fruits be lost. Happily, Abraham Lincoln has those elements of character needed to carry us through the crisis. He is calm, prudent, wise, and also brave.*"

Afterwards, when a school boy at Andover, I left the books for a day, to hear CHARLES SUMNER recapitulate the wisdom, prudence and faith, which marked so eminently the Martyred President, and connected his name so irrevocably with all that is heroic in every land. He spoke from that same platform where, a few weeks ago, the Senator from Missouri paid the last tribute to his virtues, and where, later, George William Curtis, who approaches SUMNER nearest in graces of scholarship, integrity and devotion to humanity, has made further eulogies unnecessary.

As an orator, SENATOR SUMNER will rank, I am inclined to think, among the third class that Cicero enumerates.* His voice was sonorous and impressive, his pronunciation and enunciation a marvel of perfection in this day of provincialism and vulgarities of style.

* Tertius est ille amplus, gravis, ornatus in quo profecto vis maxima est. De Oratore, XVIII.

The matter of his speeches being always important, weighty and well selected, comported perfectly with his commanding presence and the grand voice with which nature had endowed him. You forgot SENATOR SUMNER, the orator, while listening to him, and remembered only the cause he was advocating, the wrong he was exposing. He had no tricks of the mere elocutionist, much less the vulgarisms of the schools, the rant, the exaggeration and the false sentimentalism which cheapen American oratory; but his eloquence was "the hearty love of truth," the lofty purpose, so transparent and sincere, so earnest and emphatic, that you felt it pervading the very atmosphere in which he stood—*O! si illum vidisse; O! si illum audisse!*

It is the intense love of liberty, a hearty patriotism meeting us at every turn, that gives the rapt charm to the orations of Lysias. A life consecrated to the cause of virtue and the undimmed honor of the State, led Cicero and Quintilian to extol Isocrates in an age when the orator and the statesman were identical.

It heightens the respect due to SENATOR SUMNER that, while he neglected nothing which might give weight to the word he was to speak at the fitting moment, even elaborately writing and carefully reading his speeches, feeling, like Demosthenes, ashamed to come before a cultivated audience unprepared, yet the cause in jeopardy and the attainment of some good end were ever before him, and not the praise or censure of men. Mr. Phillips surpassed him, perhaps, in the keen polish of extemporaneous speech, and equalled him certainly in loftiness of purpose and delicacy of sarcasm; but he wanted the weight of testimony with which SENATOR SUMNER always silenced, if he did not invariably convince an opponent or a doubter.

You left Mr. Phillips with the silvery tones still ringing in your ear, the epigrammatical thrust still tingling in your side, wondering at the art which led you captive, and feeling that he had not finished all he had to say. After hearing SENATOR SUMNER you felt as though the question of immortal life or everlasting death had been presented, the final sermon had been preached, and you had only time to choose that day whom you would serve. The perfect finish of gesture and the classical arrangement of the period he left to the graceful and scholarly Everett, and they will live in the history of the eloquent literature of the country. For himself, he found no time for mere sentence making. The sweep of the argument, strong in details, stengthened in the *morale*, equipped with logic and illustration, rushed on with a movement of conviction

"—that clanked like armor in the charge."

To this was added an intensity of sentiment, cherished and stimulated

by his habits of life and a devotion to great ideas, an idiomatic use of sturdy English, a mailed hand and a grasp of principles relating to Government, which recall Milton and Burke, the latter of whom he so strongly resembled in personal appearance that the familiar portrait of that orator, which graced his study, was often mistaken for himself. He had the scholarly, learned and imperious temper of Milton, and his Saxon dogmatism and persistency, and, like him, he did not presume "to sing of high life and lofty deeds" until he knew that in his own person existed "the pattern of the noblest things."

More favored, however, than the great "secretary for foreign languages," the hands of SENATOR SUMNER were held up throughout his career by the sturdiest hearts, the brightest intellects, and the purest souls our land has produced, and the gifted and earnest abroad loved and watched his career with affectionate interest. Phillips, the Agitator, spared him when hurling his invectives; often, indeed, he supplemented his labors. Garrison, the Iconoclast of Slavery and Constitution, had only words of cheer for the "young man eloquent." Poetry lent the charm of her inspiration. The bards who have best touched the National heart and given us a name abroad were his personal friends. The single, clear and piping note of Whittier, like the sky-lark flying aloft, the melodious trill of Longfellow, heard like the cheery robin afar, and the shrill sarcasm, the triumphant pæan of patriotism bursting from the eagle throat of Lowell, the sententious, aphoristic approval of Emerson, the praise of the radical Parker, the benedictions of Quincy and Adams and Story, is it strange that CHARLES SUMNER, in heart, accomplishments and statesmanship easily surpassed the men of his own time? He was a combination of physique, training, fortuitous surroundings, the fortunate juncture of affairs at which he entered public life, the eventful period during which he labored, and the subtle and open influences which helped to keep him in his place, such as we shall not see again in this century.

The political heir of the Whigs of the Revolution, the Federalists of the new Constitution, the Whigs of the Proviso battle and the Free-Soilers, he reached success in the ranks of the Republican party, which he, as much as any other man, helped to form. Had he looked merely for the applause of men, or had he been weary of well-doing, he might, like Mr. Garrison, have rested after Emancipation had been proclaimed. But, remembering his early determination to render the work complete, knowing the danger of leaving the seeds of disease, and seeing the helpless condition of the race, whose advocate he was, he pressed forward with the old ardor to complete the work of Regeneration by confirming by law the Civil Rights of all citizens of the United States. He remembered, perhaps, Livy's sentence: *Dum nullum fastiditur genus eniteret virtus crevit imperium Romanum;* and he well knew that he who waited

for his rights until a majority, without solicitation and unspurred by necessity, granted them, was like Horace's

> Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis at ille,
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Comparing the efforts of Mr. Sumner, in behalf of this measure, with those of Clarkson and Wilberforce, for the negroes of the West Indies, and Fox and Burke, in aid of the East Indians, I know I shall be accused of being swayed by personal interest, when I assert that they transcend in disinterestedness, in unanswerable reasoning, and in far-seeing statesmanship, his arguments even against slavery and in behalf of emancipation. As a humanitarian, a scholar and a gentleman, he could not help opposing slavery. As a patriot, all his thoughts naturally turned to the preservation of the Republic. Emancipation on every consideration looked toward this. But, on all these issues, the cold, calculating economist, the professional Union-saver, could stand with him. The half-hearted Union-men became all Unionists when their country was in peril, and many who had never cared for the clanking of chains, and the horrors of the slave-pen, became humane when they read of Belle Isle and Andersonville, or believed in freedom when their own first-born were laid lifeless corpses before their own doors, or filled nameless graves on Southern battlefields. There was not in the masses the deep-seated horror of the wrong, no deeply intrenched idea of justice, universal and impartial, such as filled the mind of CHARLES SUMNER. Hence the difficulty in employing colored troops, the trouble with regard to colored officers, and the consequent first flush of success on the side of the rebellion. Mr. Hill, of Georgia, acknowledges now that emancipation benefited the South. Thankful for the clemency which spared his head, granting the benefit of free labor, he dares to oppose your rights and mine. Nay, he is back in the Senate, where he may contend against the measure. SENATOR SUMNER saw that this would happen at the close of the war, and attempted to provide against it. He saw that men of less ardent zeal and shallower philanthropy would be satisfied with what was done, and would betake themselves to the spoils of office, leaving the negro still only a half citizen in his native land, a Pariah where he should be a complete freeman.

In devoting himself to this work, he merited Burke's eulogium upon Fox.* In his persistent demand for this measure of simple justice, and the unanswered arguments he has left in its favor, he raises himself as much above the vulgar herd of politicians as Mont Blanc rears its snow-white head above the clouds.

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*Works of Edmund Burke, Vol. II, p. 533.

Only such a man as SENATOR SUMNER would have persisted in bringing before each Congress such a measure—one who looked forward to the homogeneity of the Republic—who felt that the national faith pledged to the negro, when he led our scouts through the swamp, when he served as a contraband, when we refused to take him as a soldier, and enlisted as a soldier only to be treated with marked difference, when he charged at Fort Pillow and Port Hudson and Wagner without hope of quarter, when he suffered the cowardly outrages of midnight attacks by the baffled enemies of the Republic, should be kept at all hazards by those whom he had helped. He knew how low-bred Caste, the spawn of slavery, the last refuge of weakness or inferiority, appealed to the easy prejudices of the worst classes. The man, who in breadth of soul, in learning, piety, or even physical strength, was the pronounced inferior of his brother, could dominate over him, degrade and insult him, by reason of that feeblest of all accidental properties—color. The intelligent and the thoughtful are ashamed of it. Europe has never known it with all her despotisms. Cultured New England and the open-hearted West despise it, and leave it to the petty despotisms of the South—the color-aristocracies of Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee, where even the United States Government cannot protect its own officials from insult.

There is nothing heroic in contending for one's own rights and being zealous in the maintenance of those principles which will bring life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness to our own homes; but to feel for those in chains as bound with them; to cry out against the wrongs done to our fellow-men; to hate and oppose the snobocracy of Caste, founded on color or section, and to have manhood enough to come out and demonstrate the absurdity of that contempt, is the part of a more enlarged capacity and a truer manhood than as yet prevails in America. But this was the height SENATOR SUMNER had reached; I should rather say this was the lofty plateau upon which he was born. His sentiments were not merely aired in the Senate Chamber. They were exhibited before the eyes of the public, at his private table, where a gentleman met his equals, irrespective of color or nationality. It was not done for political effect, it was no mania or idiosyncrasy, as it seemed often to ignoble minds, but the altitude of a mind which had no conception of color prejudice. When Attorney General Akerman, of Georgia, called to pay his respects to SENATOR SUMNER, he found him breakfasting with Mr. Joshua B. Smith, his guest at the time When the Southern delegation from Cincinnati called to testify their admiration of SENATOR SUMNER'S attitude in the Greeley campaign, they were individually introduced to the colored visitors who happened to be present. I, myself, have met at his house and hospitable board the representatives of the French, English and German embassies. In that cosey study I have listened

to the conversation of Ex-Governor Curtin, Frederick Douglass, Vice President Wilson, Caleb Cushing, Assistant Attorney General Hill, Professor Langston, Wendell Phillips, James T. Fields, and the Marquis DeChambrun, and no air of patronage, no strained good breeding, made any guest feel ill at ease. He merely carried into daily practice the principle which ornamented a statuette that used to stand upon his study table, *Le bon Pasteur aime ses brebis de toutes couleurs.* Therefore, SENATOR SUMNER'S republicanism never needed expedients. It had not one thing ready for the canvass and the lip; but caste shut up in the heart and ready to display itself after the victory. Hence, even Republicans who could not emancipate themselves from the chains of early prejudices, and Democrats who differed with him in theory, but surpassed him in practice, could not help reverencing such fidelity and consistency. In doing this he did not exalt himself above the Father of his Country, who, in a time of need, shared the blanket, through the night, of Primus Hall, the negro soldier.* But when SENATOR SUMNER dared to ask as much for the negro as for himself in the Senate, saying:

"Sir, early in life I vowed myself to nothing less than the idea of making the principles and promises of the Declaration of Independence a living reality. This was my aspiration. For that I have labored; and now, at this moment, as its fulfillment seems within reach, I appeal to my fellow Senators that there shall be no failure on their part. *Make, I entreat you, the Declaration of Independence, in its principles and promises, a living letter; make it a practical reality.* * * * I long to vote for amnesty; I have always hoped to vote for it; but, sir, I should be unworthy of my seat as a Senator if I voted for it while the colored race are shut out of their rights, and the ban of color is recognized in this chamber. * * * *Be just to the colored race before you are generous to former rebels. Unwillingly I press this truth, but it belongs to the moment.* I utter it with regret, for I long to record my name in behalf of amnesty. I here declare from my seat that I am for amnesty, provided it can be associated with the equal rights of the colored race, but if not so associated, then, so help me God, I am against it;" he transcended, in true loftiness of soul, any sentiment, either of Washington, Jefferson or Adams.

The slave power hated him because he was learned, and in the truest sense aristocratic. It saw the brilliant promise of his early manhood, and sought to woo him with that dalliance and arts to which so many had succumbed. Imagine such a tower of strength for the South planted in New England. Senators Butler and Mason were accustomed,

* Colored Americans of the Revolution—Wm. C. Nell.

after he became Senator, to speak of having introduced him to society. They introduce him!—the fledgling in law, for whom the whole bench of the Supreme Court left their cards on the first day of his arrival in Washington, the day when, for the first time, he saw a fellow-countryman in chains! They confer honor upon one who, in birth, education and accomplishments, was their peer then and the friend afterwards of Carlyle, Brougham, Bright, Gladstone, Cobden, Stanley, Thiers, Tennyson and Taine, Palmerston, the Duke of Argyle and the Duchess of Sutherland, of Thackeray and Dickens!

One is apt to believe in the aristocracy of birth and training when from the "Gentleman's set" at Harvard, from out the ranks of the "*Porcellian,*" *fruges consumere nati,* the boldest rider and the most skilful boxer, the accomplished "man of society," and the elegant *dilettante* become the most eloquent orator and the foremost statesman of their time, beginning at the bottom of the ladder with the despised Abolitionists and ending with a country revolutionized in favor of freedom.

They remembered, perhaps, that an aristocrat Pericles led the democracy of Athens and confirmed the glory of the State: that a Mirabeau gave an impetus to the French revolution, and a Chatham pleaded for the rights of the colonies, all abiding by the cause they espoused, while more democratic aristocrats sold themselves for place or were corrupted by gold. The relentless persecution which follows those who espouse a cause different from the supposed faith of their fathers, is not without its illustrations even in the State of South Carolina.

But Senator Sumner holds a peculiar, fitting and appropriate relation to our University. If, as Professor Huxley has lately said at Aberdeen,* the ideal University should be a place where thought is free from all fetters "and in which all sources of knowledge and all aids to learning should be accessible *to all comers, without distinction of creed or country, riches or poverty;*" if that able Federalist, the friend of Josiah Quincy, Chancellor DeSaussure; if Colonels Mitchell, May and Kershaw and others, did not use language in a double sense or without any meaning at all when they reported against such opposition "an Act to establish a college at Columbia" saying in impressive and prophetic language:—

Whereas *the proper education of youth* contributes greatly to the prosperity of Society, and ought always to be an object of legislative attention; and

Whereas the establishment of a College in the central part of the State, *where all its youth may be educated,* will highly promote the instruction, the good order and *the harmony of the whole community,*"†

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* Universities, Actual and Ideal.—Inaugural Address, as Lord Rector, University of Aberdeen, Feb. 27, 1874.

† LaBorde's History of the South Carolina College, pp. 22, 23, and A. A. 1801, 5 Statutes, 403.

then, at last, for the first time in the history of the college, has the Honored Board of Trustees brought the University back to the original design of the founders, in harmony with the theory of education abroad and the foremost institutions of our country. After seventy years of exclusiveness, and the development of a royal-priesthood of learning, the State opens wide the doors of the University to "ALL ITS YOUTH," ennobling in this way her own proud record.

It is an ancient maxim that the king never dies. In France, during the days of the monarchy, at the very moment the breath left the body of the king, the mournful cry was taken up by the attendants and passed from chamber to corridor, from corridor to street, from street to country, *Le Roi est mort*; but before the last sound had died away the triumphant reply came coursing back, announcing the successor, *Vive le Roi!*

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY, when scarcely a year ago the Secretary of State,* bearing one of the most honored names of South Carolina, a name which the sacred ordeal of martyrdom connects with those of Vane and Sydney, and one which the graces of eloquence loves to link with that of Webster, dared to seek admission to these walls, honored professors, some distinguished for learning and years of meritorious service, others eminent in their several professions, some of whom had themselves studied in colleges with students much darker in complexion than the daring interloper—men whose culture, training and reading should have raised them above the petty spirit of caste, and made them scorn to bend to the lash of an intolerant and effete opinion—fled from our quiet haunts and charming academic walks, crying, in lugubrious tones, *Le Roi est mort! Le Roi est mort!* The hostile press, one of whose editors graduated in Paris, with a negro leading his class, took up the cry, *Le Roi est mort.* But the sound had not yet ceased, ere the old response came triumphantly back, *Vive le Roi!* It came in the students who entered, *Vive le Roi!* It came in our successful Junior Exhibition, *Vive le Roi!* It came in our scholarship bill, *Vive le Roi!* It has come finally and demonstratively in the successful exercises of our academic week, *Vive, vive le Roi!*

We stand at the summit of the educational power of the State, resting upon the common school system, firmly impressed with the importance of the work we have to do and certain of its success. This work will redound to the lasting welfare of every true citizen, and will reflect credit upon the Trustees of the University, who dallied not with the illiberal and proscriptive character of caste in matters of education, but placed themselves boldly on record as friends of Equality.

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* Hon. H. E. Hayne.

To-day we have on our rolls students who, in points of numbers and ability, will compare favorably with those of the old regime. It has been within my own recollection, since Massachusetts, by general law, forbade a distinction which never existed as a rule. But now, such is the liberal tendency of the times, Brown, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, Ann Arbor, Amherst, and Harvard, are all open, irrespective of class or condition. Yale graduates her first colored academic student this year, while graduates of Gottingen, Heidelberg, Paris, Cambridge, England, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Stonyhurst, are found among the colored men of the country, who, a few years ago, were denied equal education at home. Within two weeks, three colored students entered the New York Normal School. Already there have been colored graduates of the high schools of Troy, N. Y., Syracuse, Cleveland, Chicago, Boston, Cambridge and Worcester, showing most conclusively that the so-called inability to learn, and "social repugnance" for the negro, on other arenas than our own, has been overwhelmingly refuted. Much of this spirit of liberality sprang from the able argument of the young lawyer, Charles Sumner, in 1849, arguing before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts—EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW. Hence, it is peculiarly appropriate that we, to-day, representing the College from which most of the mischievous and pernicious theories fulminated before and during the rebellion, in the barbaric days of slavery, and I, the fortunate recipient of those educational advantages which he helped to make free to all, should unite in this simple chaplet to his memory, whose sound judgment and real statesmanship made him insist upon an identity and not an equivalence in matters of education. This, then, is our cause of congratulation, though the old inquisitors may bid the friends of freedom and equal education retreat and forswear their principles, denying to the children of the freemen of the State opportunities of education. Let us determine to maintain these "with the hazard of our lives, if need be," for without them a republic is a misnomer, scholarship an empty bauble, and the blood and treasure spent to redeem the land worse than wasted.

I stood a few weeks ago in that deserted mansion in Washington, known so well to the generous and aspiring of both races. I wandered mournfully through, its disordered rooms, even then confused with the preparations for packing and removal. There was not a painting, a vase, a statuette nor a souvenir, with which I was not familiar. The well known busts, the clock with its cuckoo call, the old senatorial desk, the vacant chair, all invoked the magnificent presence of their departed master. How often from that doorway had I accompanied him during the period of his convalescence, one short year before! How much had he planned for his recovery as he whirled over the broad avenues of the

Washington dedicated to freedom! How kind and genially he used to greet the soldiers of Arlington, and how proudly he would point to the glorious dome of the Capitol, seen from the heights of Georgetown, as we slowly descended after the long drive, saying it never seemed so beautiful, so worthy the name of a capital as since Freedom had ransomed it. Six months before I had sat in that very chair and saw his flaming indignation at the rumor that "the colored representatives were about to desert" him "on the field of battle," such were his words, being willing to surrender the school clause in the Civil Rights Bill. With what conscious pride I bade him be not alarmed, for every representative from South Carolina would do his duty. I saw his smile of satisfaction after our representatives had spoken; I recall his pleasure at the resolutions in favor of Civil Rights which the South Carolina Legislature sent him. Here once during his slow recovery, when almost bent double with pain, he said, rising and straining himself to the old senatorial height, "I have been accused of imperialism and centralization. I am proud of pleading guilty to the charge. I am in favor of centralization; I am in favor of imperialism—the IMPERIALISM OF HUMAN RIGHTS; and he who accepts less than this is the enemy of his country."

As I stood there, book and picture, cathedral and portrait, statute and vase faded away, and I heard again only the plaintive voice, "Oh! if my bill was only passed, I should seek rest. My work would then be finished and I could rest." And he was gone, and an inscrutable providence had not permitted him to accomplish that wish! He died without the borders of that promised land; but he lived long enough and successfully enough to see the Capital, where his footsteps had been dogged, and where faithful friends had covered him with revolvers daily, without his knowledge, consecreated to Freedom. He saw the slave-pen disappear and the magnificent school house which bears his name, rise above the noble city. He lived to present a negro for admission to that Court which went out of its way to deny the negro's rights to a common humanity. He lived long enough to welcome the negro to the army as a laborer and soldier, and then, taking away his musket, to give him a ballot. Once more and the wave dashed higher, he welcomed him to the Senate and seated him in the chair of the Arch Rebel. He lived to see Hayti and Liberia recognized, arbitration a fact, the resolutions of censure rescinded, and he waited only for Civil Rights, and the coming of the day toward which his gaze was ever directed, when the ploughshare of war should drip no more with blood, when neither gibbet nor proscription should curtail the rights of the meanest, or take the life of the basest, when the races of our varied nationality should dwell together in mutual harmony and protection, each striving to dare most for the honor and safety of their common country. Oh! Confederate and Federal, Negro and Saxon, was it not the record of a noble life?

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